



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



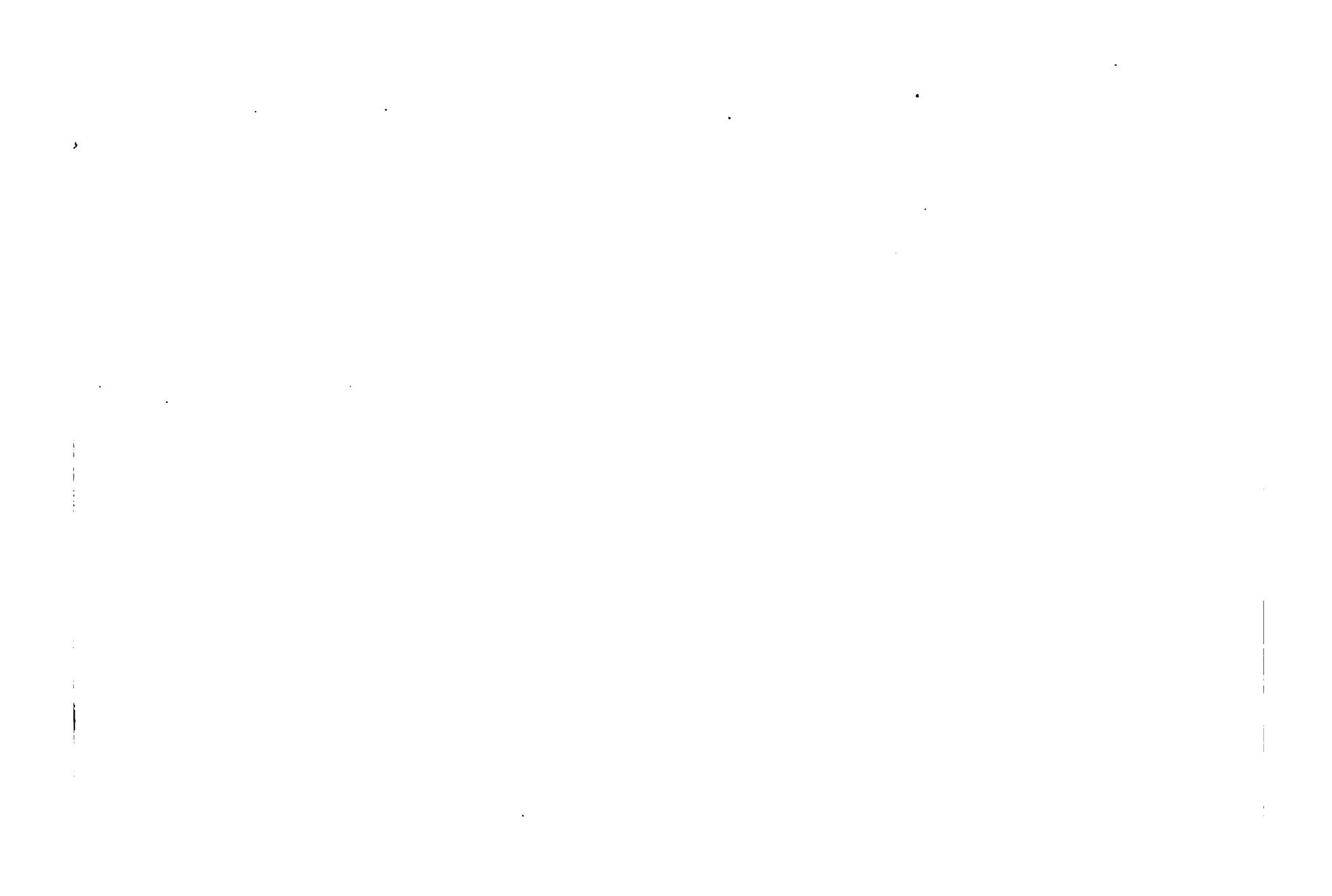
3 3433 07601370 9



NEI

Crew, F













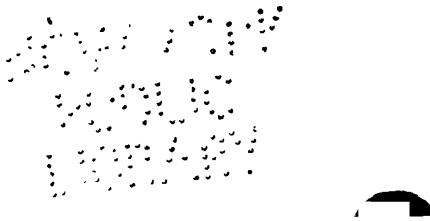


Poems of Klondyke's Early Days  
and  
Alaska's Long White Trail  
by  
Fred Crewe

Photos of the Klondyke Stampede  
taken in 1897-98

Copyright 1921

Printed by  
The North American Press  
Milwaukee, Wis.



29401A

McLaren  
Suzuki  
Honda



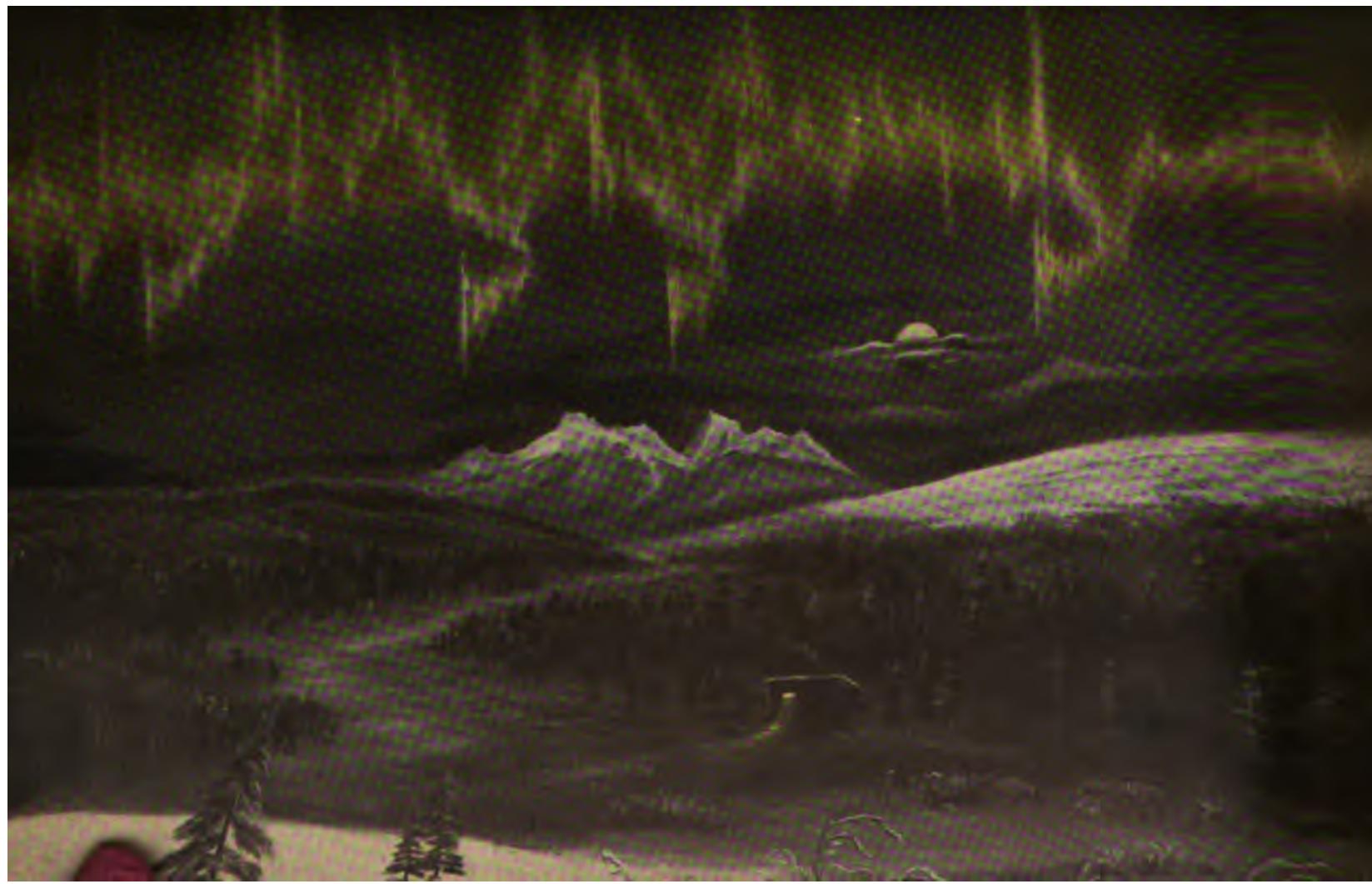
## *Dedicatory*

With the exception of "A Klondyke Valentine" and "The Kobuk Maiden" all verses in this book are recollections of the old Sourdough who introduces them with the assurance that however bad or illiterate they may be no fiction worth mentioning enters into their makeup.

To the Sourdoughs who blazed Alaska's long white trail and chased the golden Will-o-the-Wisp over mountain, valley and stream---to the dreamers and roving spirits, male and female, who swarmed across the summit of old Chilkoot and streamed in thousands over the White Pass trail in the Pioneer days of twenty years ago---to every one of that restless, happy-go-lucky, dare-devil bunch of wanderers this volume is dedicated.

*Fred Grawe*





1977  
1978



**"COME WITH ME NOW AND I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG"**

THE KLONDYKE STAMPEDE.



Come with me now and I'll take you along  
o'er Chilcoot, the lakes and the mighty Yukon,  
The Canyon and Whitehorse we'll shoot in grand style  
and go like a streak through swift Thirty-mile;  
So just fall in line with dogs, sled and sail,  
with the stampeding bunch on the Dyea trail,  
I'll take the geepole, but perhaps, instead,  
you better take it and I'll mush ahead.





"THAT CLIMBS THE TRAIL THAT STANDS ON END"



It's just about dark when we get to Sheep Camp—  
the scene of the big snowslide—  
Where sixty or more in the bat of an eye  
went over the Big Divide;  
We keep on going and reach the Scales  
a little before midnight,  
And the moon's silv'ry beams are pouring in streams  
o'er Chilcoot's scowling height.

We fall in line with the crowd next day,  
with our packs we slowly go,  
Up the slippery trail to the Summit  
half hid in the blinding snow  
In single file we swing along  
and soon we strike the stride,  
That climbs the trail that stands on end  
against the mountain side.

Another day and the last pack's up  
and then we bid adieu,  
To the Stars and Stripes and old Chilcoot  
and skies of leaden hue;  
The Mounted Police don't keep us long—  
just a glance at our stuff they take—  
Then barking and bounding the dogs tear off  
down the slope into Crater Lake.





SUMMIT OF CHILCOOT



On and on o'er the ice we skim,  
our sail bellied out in the breeze,  
And we know when we come to timber line  
by the scrub and the stunted trees;  
Through the winding canyon we "gee" and "haw,"  
and it's well into the day,  
When we see smoke whip the frosty air  
from tents not far away.

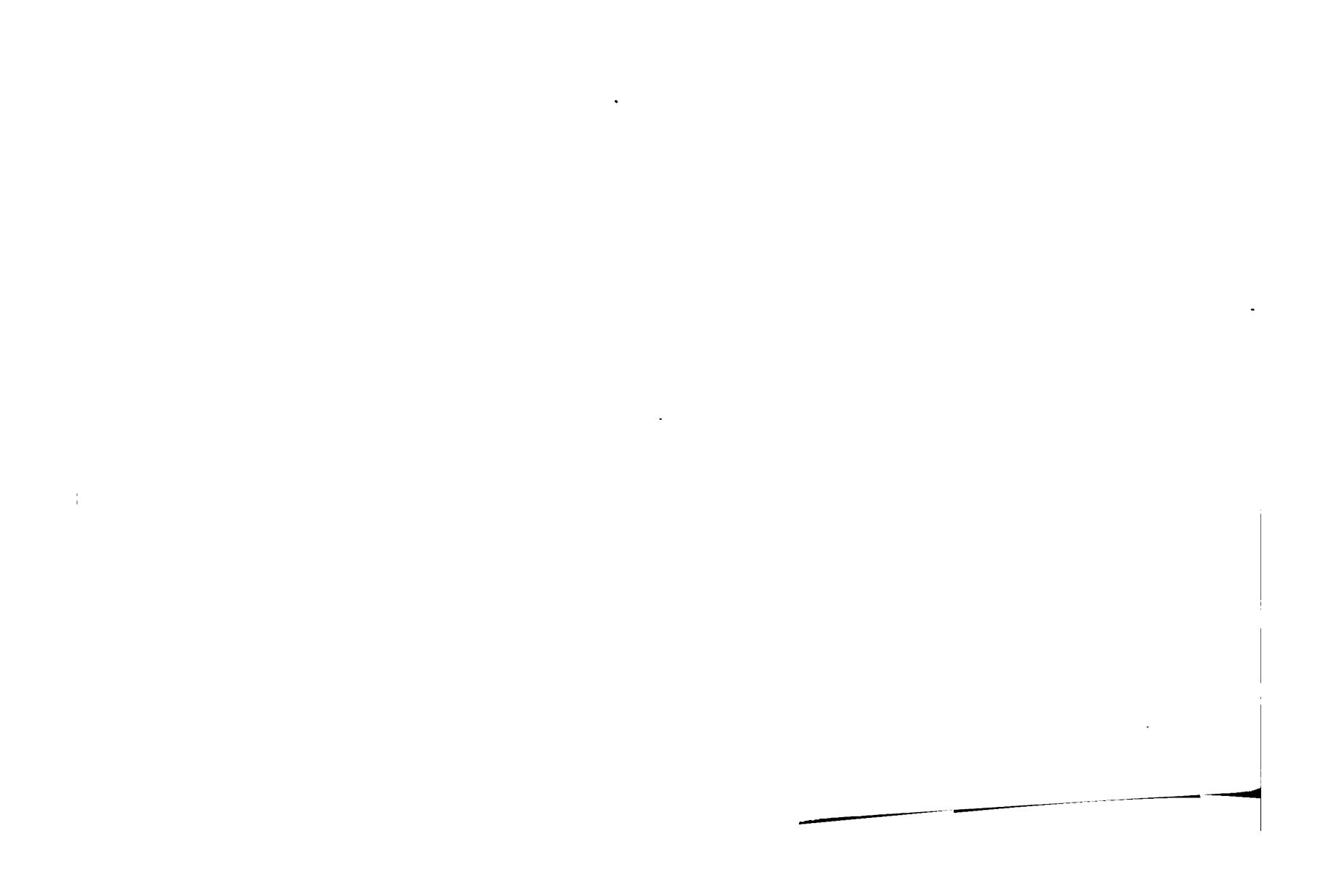
Under the fanciful-twisted trees  
we halt and take down sail,  
For a sight was never more welcome  
than the smoke on this wind-swept trail;  
It's away again next morning,  
and we're blind from snow and sun,  
When we tangle up among the tents  
on the shore of Lindemann.

We whipsaw lumber and build a boat  
and start with it on the sled,  
But the ice is rotten and we give it up  
ere we get a mile ahead;  
So it's back again to the old camp ground,  
and we hav'nt any doubt,  
But what we'll have to rubber round there  
until the ice goes out.





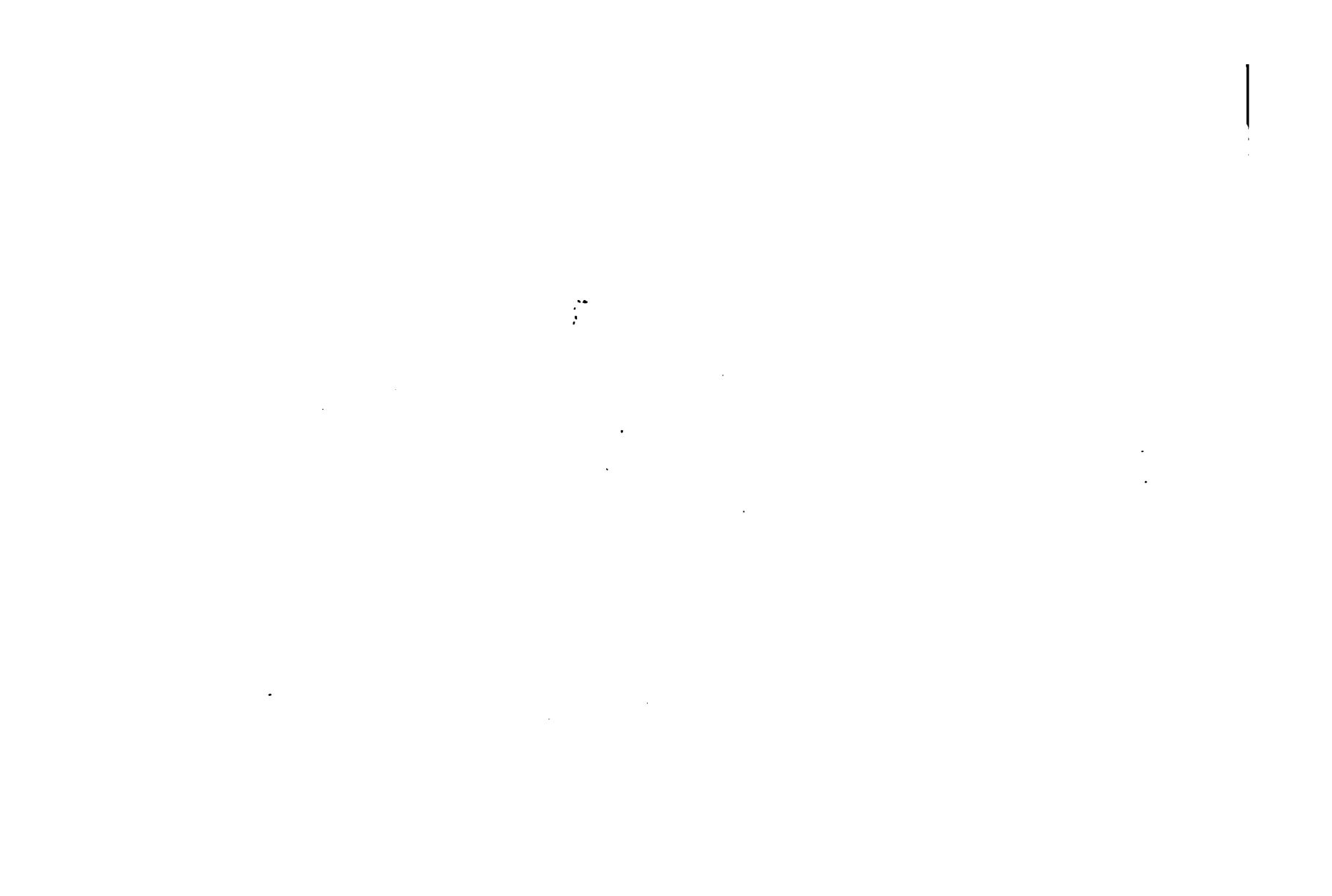
"AS WE TANGLE UP AMONG THE TENTS"





WHIRLPOOLING.

**A**t last one night when the moon is bright  
and the stars are all a twinkle,  
And the slush-ice from the canyon above  
slips by with its musical jingle,  
We shove off into the shadowy lake,  
and long ere break of day,  
The tents and sounds of Lindemann  
are left far, far away.





"ON THROUGH THE LAKE AND WE REACH ONE-MILE"



On through the lake and we reach One-mile,  
which is swift as the tailrace of Hell,  
And we dart in and cut between sweepers and rocks  
and wrecks strewn around pell mell;  
A snag rips up a boat ahead  
and as we go tearing by,  
We catch a glimpse of drowning men  
and hear their stifled cry.

At Bennett we stay a little while  
and cook a bite to eat,  
Then off again in the freshening breeze  
with the rest of the comical fleet;  
We sail along the tented shore  
till the wind flops round and dies,  
Or sneaks away in the crimson clouds  
crisscrossing the golden skies.

Our campfires rear and blaze that night,  
and in their smouldering glow,  
Just as soon as we fall asleep  
someone shouts "It's time to go;"  
So we pack our blankets back on board  
and push off the muddy beach,  
Into the lake all dotted with boats  
as far as the eye can reach.





"INTO THE LAKE ALL DOTTED WITH BOATS"



And like a big, red ball of fire  
the sun rolls through the smoky sky,  
While sundogs blaze all round him  
as he climbs the hills nearby;  
We drift together and chew the rag  
and are swapping lots of lies  
About the girls we've met on the trail—  
their overalls and eyes—

When the wind sweeps down from the soggy clouds  
and we're bowling along again,  
Past Cariboo Crossing and Windy Arm  
in hail and sleet and rain;  
The whitecaps slap against our bows  
and we're froze to the bone almost,  
When we haul down our sail by a big camp fire  
on the beach at Tagish Post.

The police go through our outfit  
as soon as we land that night,  
And a minute or two's sufficient  
to make everything all right;  
We paint our number on the boat  
and dry our streaming clothes,  
While boats pull in by hundreds  
and sail away in droves.





TAGISH POST



\* \* \* \* \*

From Tagish, then, next morning,  
through Lake Marsh all the way,  
We drift about in circles  
as all becalm'd we lay;  
We hold wet fingers in the air—  
whistle for a breeze to come—  
As half asleep we row along  
in the glare of the noonday sun.

Then in a moment all is changed—  
we rub our eyes and stare—  
For a hundred feet above us  
the lake's dangling in the air;  
We rest upon our oars a spell  
and can't believe our eyes,  
When we see ourselves up in the clouds  
stampeding through the skies.





"AND THE LAKE GROWS STRANGELY SILENT"



The flickering panorama  
keeps unfolding all the while,  
And we see the flash of tossing oars  
way down on Thirty-mile;  
We spy the tents among the trees  
where Lebarge and the river meet,  
And a quiver in the stagnant air  
threatens wreck to the phantom fleet.

We cut all kinds of didos—  
hoist sails and let them drop—  
All mimic'd in the heavens  
till the word goes round to stop;  
And the lake grows strangely silent  
as we view the mirage go,  
And see it gently crumple  
like a dream in a picture show.

Still not a catspaw do we get,  
it's pull, pull all the while,  
Until we strike the current  
when half down Sixty-mile;  
Swiftly then we slip along  
and as we dodge a screaming snag,  
We see the danger signal—  
the wave of the blood-red flag.





MILES CANYON



And men are running on the rocks  
    all shouting warning cries,  
For the Canyon's now before us  
    and our boat it fairly flies,  
And though we pull towards the shore  
    we've no hopes of getting there,  
Till o'er our bows a heaving line  
    falls swishing through the air.

We make it fast and quickly  
    swing-to in midstream,  
And the water boils around us  
    like a lot of frothy cream;  
We're haul'd into the eddy—  
    and unbending the heaving line—  
Shake hands with the ragged bunch  
    who caught us just in time.

\* \* \* \* \*



On top of the mossy bluffs next day  
we watch many boats go through,  
That look like kindergarten toys  
in the haze and misty blue;  
They swing around the headland,  
in rotation one by one,  
A minute in the rapid  
and the dreaded Canyon's run.

We see enough of this bugaboo  
to dispel some haunting fears,  
And echoes from the noisy Squaw  
now beat upon our ears;  
We follow the muddy trail along  
to where the Whitehorse roars,  
And squirms and topsiturvies  
between its narrow shores.

We sit down on the weather'd rocks  
and watch the boats go by,  
And a dozen or more flit by us  
in the twinkling of an eye;  
We see them toss and tumble,  
spin round and ricochet  
Into the swirling dipoff  
where they almost fade away.



Over the beaten trail back to the eddy,  
through forests of spruce and pine,  
We get to the tent very tired  
just about supper time,  
And though we listen throughout the evening  
to story, mouth-organ and song,  
The roar of the rapids linger  
in our ears the whole night long.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's blowing a gale next morning  
when we pull out and dart away,  
Into the jaws of the Canyon,  
wet with the flying spray;  
The wind beats down upon us—  
the bore's as white as snow—  
And we can hardly see before us  
when we strike the undertow.





WHITEHORSE RAPIDS



We make for where the suctions meet—  
the wickedest place of all—  
And on the crests of the racing waves  
toss like a rubber ball;  
Through clots of flying froth and foam  
we're hurl'd through the air,  
While curling waves leap o'er our bows  
and try to swamp us there.

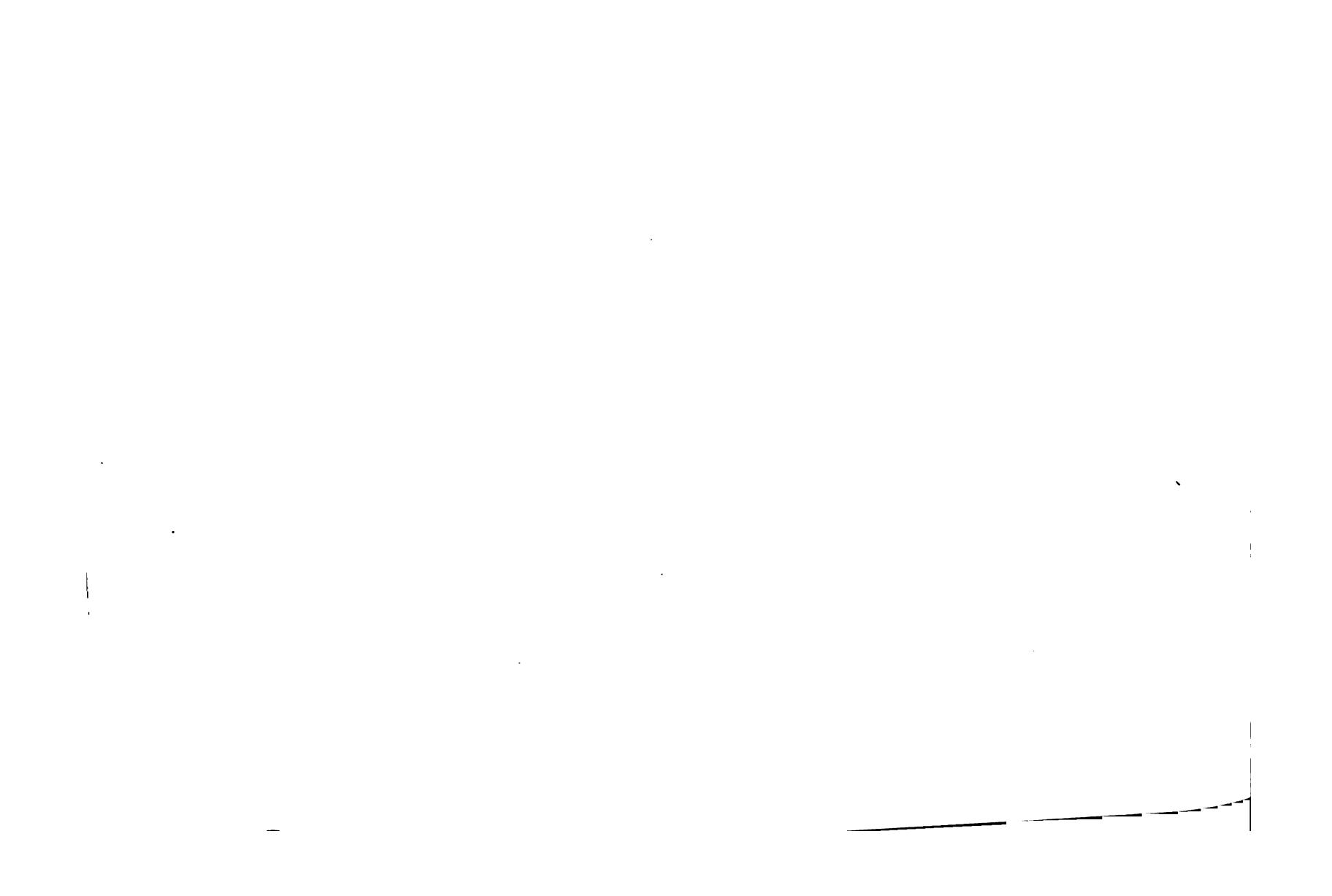
But soon the Canyon's left behind  
and now for quite a spell,  
We slip through easier water  
bobbing up and down the swell;  
We reel down through Squaw Rapids—  
hobnob with rocks and shoals—  
Then headlong into the chasm  
where the thundering Whitehorse rolls.

One moment and we're out again,  
bow pointing at the sky,  
And rainbows dance along the rocks  
as we drench them going by;  
We sweep down o'er the combers  
in clouds of tinted spray,  
And strike the head of Lake Lebarge  
in the twilight of the day.





Through the moon's frisky sheen on the water,  
    with a breeze both steady and fair,  
We sail to the tented island,  
    blood-red in the campfire's glare—  
The dim, faint light of coming dawn  
    finds us once more on the lake,  
With the wind trailing on behind us  
    and bubbles streaming in our wake.





"THE DIM, FAINT LIGHT OF COMING DAWN"



Soon it gets to blowing hard—  
the sky turns black as coal—  
Far off we see the lightning flash  
and hear the thunder roll;  
We heed the shouts going up all round  
to hurry and take in sail,  
And in a cloud of yellow dust  
we're swept before the gale.

In gathering gloom the storm comes down  
and day turns into night,  
Save when the lightning splits the skies  
and floods the lake with light,  
It's then we see the big, red bluffs—  
and going to beat the band—  
We toss along the rocky shore  
looking for a place to land.

In the lee of a bluff the wind sweeps us,  
and the opportune moment we seize,  
Of jumping off waist-deep in water  
on the beach 'neath the groaning trees;  
Here our fires burn till morning—  
the storm dying out meanwhile—  
And the blue sky smiles upon us  
as we spin down Thirty-mile,





**FIVE FINGERS**



Between rocks and shoals, round bends and bars,  
    we scramble on our way,  
And Thirty-mile's as good as pass'd  
    before it's noon that day;  
and when the twilight comes and goes  
    and the stars begin to glimmer,  
We're floating proudly on our way  
    along the Lewis river.

Past Salmon, Big and Little,  
    we silently drift along,  
Though sometimes over the water  
    come snatches of music and song;  
Swifter and swifter the current gets—  
    Five Fingers comes in sight—  
And echoes try to drown our shouts  
    to keep over to the right.

Strung out in Indian fashion  
    twixt the two big rocks we dart,  
And Five Fingers lays behind us  
    before we barely start;  
Like a lot of ducks we skid along  
    close to the river's brink,  
And mistake for distant thunder  
    the booming of the Rink.



By Rink Rapids tangled waters,  
through noise and showers of spray,  
Like shadows we flit that evening  
borne swift on our fanciful way,  
We follow one after the other—  
a hundred yards between—  
And the noise gets lost in the silence  
we meet further down the stream.

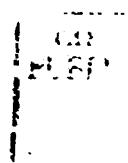
And we're almost down to Pelly  
when we hoist our sail again,  
To catch some little catpaws  
we see playing in the rain;  
They're very, very gentle,  
still they help us get along.  
And the water gurgles by our boat  
when we strike the mighty Yukon.

On and on, along banks and bends,  
past bluffs and islands and bars,  
Sleeping by day in the burning sun  
and at night 'neath the twinkling stars;  
Thinking of the days gone by  
and the golden ones to come,  
and what we're going to be up against  
in the Land of the Mignight Sun.





**"AND AS WE ROUND A HIGH, STEEP BLUFF"**



There's a stampede on at Stewart  
and rumors fly around,  
That five-dollar pans and ten-dollar pans  
are scattered all over the ground;  
At Henderson there's another  
and we're almost tempted to stay  
When someone shows us a handful of gold  
that he swore he got in a day.

But the spell of the Klondyke's upon us—,  
we've lain in the trance too long—  
So with a wave of the hand and a shake of the head  
we keep on down the Yukon;  
And as we round a high, steep bluff,  
almost touching the turquoise skies,  
The magic city of our dreams  
spreads out before our eyes.

Through mist and spray and sunshine,  
through the current swift and strong,  
O'er Klondyke's flashing waters  
we send our boat along;  
Misgivings no longer confront us—  
visions of fortune come fast—  
And I'm leaving you now to make one  
for we've got to Dawson at last.











## THE KOBUK MAIDEN.

Where the sun shines bright at midnight  
all through the month of June,  
Where the winter sun sheds twilight  
on the snow and ice at noon,  
Liv'd a dusky, dark-eye'd maiden  
with heart all free from care,  
For she thought not of the morrow  
as she ate her salmon rare;  
Her hands and feet were dainty—  
she could sing the Mission's psalms—  
Though a little soap and water  
would have added to her charms;  
She could run before her dog team  
and laugh with childish glee—  
And the waters of the Kobuk  
rippled onward to the sea.



She could paddle her small kyak,  
    she could trail the fox and bear,  
She could dry the meat for winter,  
    she could hunt and fish and snare;  
She was handy with the needle—  
    no furrier in his trade—  
Could sew a boat or patch a skin  
    like this bright-eye'd little maid;  
She had very few acccmplishments—  
    she seldom wiped her nose—  
And the odor of her mukluks  
    resembled not the rose;  
She had many dark admirers,  
    but she heeded not their plea—  
And the waters of the Kobuk  
    rippled onward to the sea.



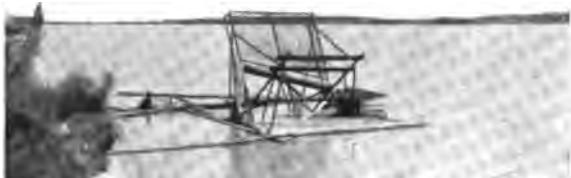
She was neither tall nor slender  
as the poet's verses tell,  
She'd have been far more attractive  
if she'd had a different smell;  
She dress'd in skins of animals  
and wherever she would roam,  
Many tiny little creatures  
would make her clothes their home;  
Don't lay this up against her  
for she had never seen  
Pears' soap or insect powder,  
fine comb or Cameline;  
No high-born lady in the land  
had a warmer heart than she—  
And the waters of the Kobuk  
rippled onward to the sea.



When the Kotzebue excitement  
brought a crowd of miners there,  
There was a sport among them  
who'd blue eyes and sorrel hair,  
He was smitten with this lady  
and he was often seen,  
Hanging round her little igloo  
which was anything but clean;  
Of course it doesn't matter,  
but I never heard him tell,  
How he became accustomed  
to its peculiar smell;  
He brought her flour and sugar,  
and hams and beans and tea—  
And the waters of the Kobuk  
rippled onward to the sea.



When the sun came back in summer  
and the winter storms were spent,  
And the miners left the country  
where they hadn't made a cent,  
Empty cabins, rude reminders  
of the days of '99,  
Stood all along the river  
mid stumps of spruce and pine,  
In her now-deserted igloo  
sits the maiden all forlorn,  
"Kabloona kow-kow peluk,"  
all the white man's grub is gone,  
A blue-eye'd little papoose  
she's holding on her knee—  
And the waters of the Kobuk  
ripple onward to the sea.—Anon.



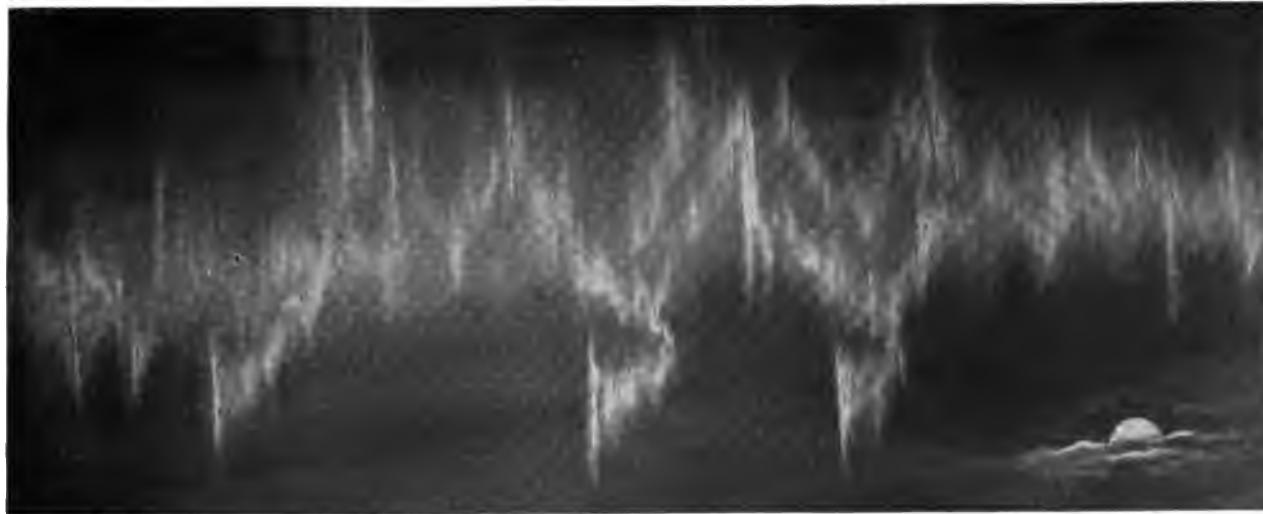




MIDNIGHT SUN AT KEEWALIK SPIT--JUNE 21



OUR NORTHERN LIGHTS.



Streaming o'er the arch of heaven  
in blazing sheets of green,  
Twining round the mountain tops  
in wreaths of satiny sheen,  
Dangling in crinkly ribbons  
of fantastic curve and twist,  
Raining streams of brilliants  
from clouds of shimmering mist.



Drooping in gorgeous clusters  
of rosy, lace-like light,  
Folding and unfolding  
at each breath of the frosty night,  
Swaying in dainty festoons  
from the dancing stars on high,  
Bursting in showers of spangles  
all o'er the painted sky,  
Gliding in folds of tinted flame  
that set the hills aglow,  
Rolling billows of color  
across the glistening snow,  
Flashing streams of silv'ry light  
on shadows far away,  
Hunting for the telltale streaks  
that pilot in the day,  
Tossing, tumbling and rolling—  
when night is almost gone—  
In tinted spray they drift away  
in the dim of the flickering dawn.



## A KLONDYKE VALENTINE.

Tonight as I sit in the Klondyke vale,  
My fancy takes flight over river and rail,  
To where in those halcyon days gone by  
We were together—you and I—  
And I find myself wishing to God that you,  
In your faraway home under skies of blue,  
Often think of the boy who so longs for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes—  
and your kisses tonight.





MOOSEHIDE HANGING BY MORTE H. CRAIG



I light my tobacco, its powers invoke,  
And presto! your astral shines out of the smoke,  
A face of sweet beauty, a form of rare grace,  
Half hidden by billows of shadowy lace;  
You hover above me, O vision divine,  
And your dear, dreamy soul passes quickly to mine,  
So I sit here and silently long for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes—

and your kisses tonight.

A rich, mellow perfume, while memories roll,  
Brings the flavor of age to the wine in my soul;  
You fill up the glass, dainty sweetheart of mine,  
And I feel like a man who is drunken with wine;  
Your soft, gentle voice pulses down thro' the air,  
And I thrill with the thought that it murmurs a prayer—  
A prayer for the boy who so longs for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes—

and your kisses tonight.



On the breast of your astral, oh, lady o' mine,  
Let me pin with a nugget my heart's valentine;  
That the gold in the Klondyke in naught can compare  
With the velvety meshes of gold in your hair,  
The wine of your breath and the touch of your hand  
Seals my senses in sleep in this shadowy land;  
I slumber, and sleeping I long for the sight  
Of your beautiful eyes—

and your kisses tonight.

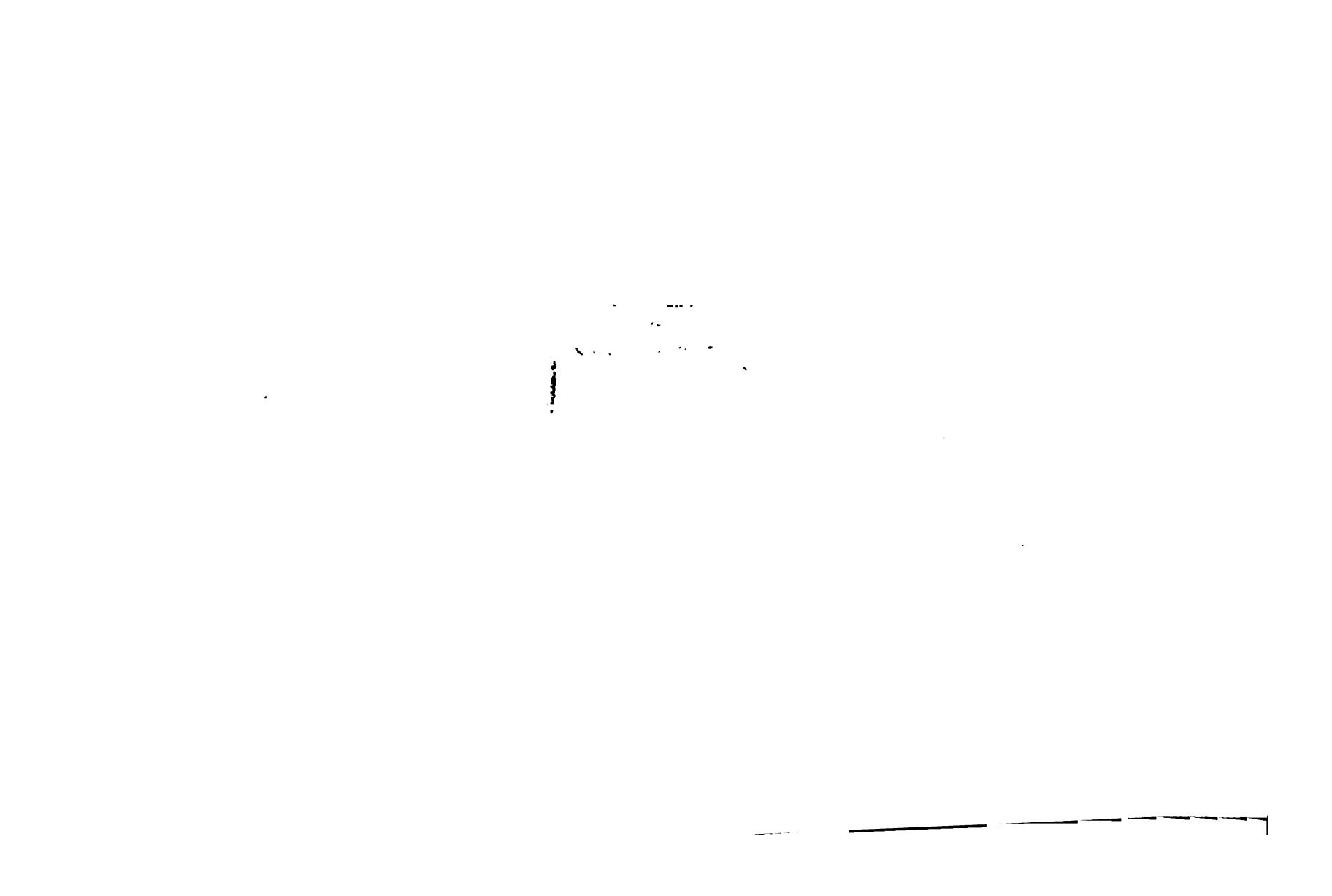
—Morte H. Craig.







MIDNIGHT BASEBALL GAME, FAIRBANKS, JUNE 21



## THIRTY YEARS IN ALASKA.

Thirty years up here in Alaska,  
in the spell of this magical land,  
Delving with pick, pan and shovel,  
grey-hair'd and wrinkled and tann'd;  
Growing old and feeble and cranky,  
broken down with the hard, restless life,  
Cursing the fateful blunder I made  
when I shook my chorus-girl wife—  
Who was pretty as a picture—  
and though I've never wrote a line  
To the golden-hair'd girl who bade me farewell  
with her little hand in mine,  
Not a single day has pass'd since then  
but what was a regret  
For the girl I left behind me  
who I swore I'd ne'er forget.



Thirty years up here in Alaska—  
the turquoise of its skies—  
Keeps me always thinking  
    of the blue in her dancing eyes,  
And off in the silent cabin  
    as the shadows come and go,  
I fall asleep and dream of the girl—  
    my chum of the long ago—  
I live the old days over  
    and can't hold back a sigh,  
As with her arms around my neck  
    she tries to smile goodbye—  
I hear the songs she used to sing,  
    though far away they seem,  
And wake to hear the echoes  
    pass with the fleeting dream.



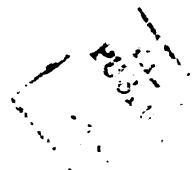
Thirty years up here in Alaska—  
    where the \*forgetmenots grow—  
Where roses bloom on the hillsides  
    as the sun melts off the snow;  
Where in the good old summertime  
    the birds sing night and day,  
And on frosty nights the Northern Lights  
    hang round the stars and play.  
Memories all come trooping back  
    of the one I still hold dear,  
And it always seems to me somehow  
    I feel her presence near,  
And I wonder as the years roll by  
    and I go sliding down the hill—  
I wonder if the boy she lov'd  
    lives in her memory still?

\* Emblematic flower of Alaska.





DAWSON IN EARLY DAYS



KLONDYKE REMINISCENCES.



I stood on the Ogilvie bridge one night  
where the Klondyke swiftly flows,  
And wonder'd if ever I'd make a strike  
in this land of frost and snows?

I thought of the thousands who tramp'd the trail  
bent down with a heavy pack,  
Of where the devil they'd all gone to  
and if they'd ever come back.





"LIKEWISE TO GET OUR MAIL"

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

How we used to line up to record a claim,  
likewise to get our mail;  
Of the mosquitos and flies that ate us alive  
mushing the swampy trail.

Of the malamutes deck'd with plumes and bells,  
that raced through the streets like Hell;  
Of the awful messes, they used to eat  
and their darn'd unearthly yell.

Of the mad stampedes we all went on  
like a lot of bewilder'd geese;  
Of the blood-red coats and yellow stripes  
of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Of their cowboy hats and tasseled boots,  
brass buttons and gold lace;  
Of the Grand Panjandrum twirling his cane  
as he strutted from place to place.





"OF THEIR COWBOY HATS AND TASSELED BOOTS"



Of the bugle calls heard through the frosty air  
when all was calm and still;  
Of the flapjacks nail'd on cabin doors  
and the virtues of "Swiftwater" Bill.

Of the pokes we handed the sports at the bars  
who levied a little on each;  
Of the chechacos haggling with "Waterfront" Brown  
about the rent of their tents on the beach.

Of men and horses loaded with gold  
that were always passing by;  
\*Of the dogs jumping into the Yukon  
when we kept up the Fourth of July.

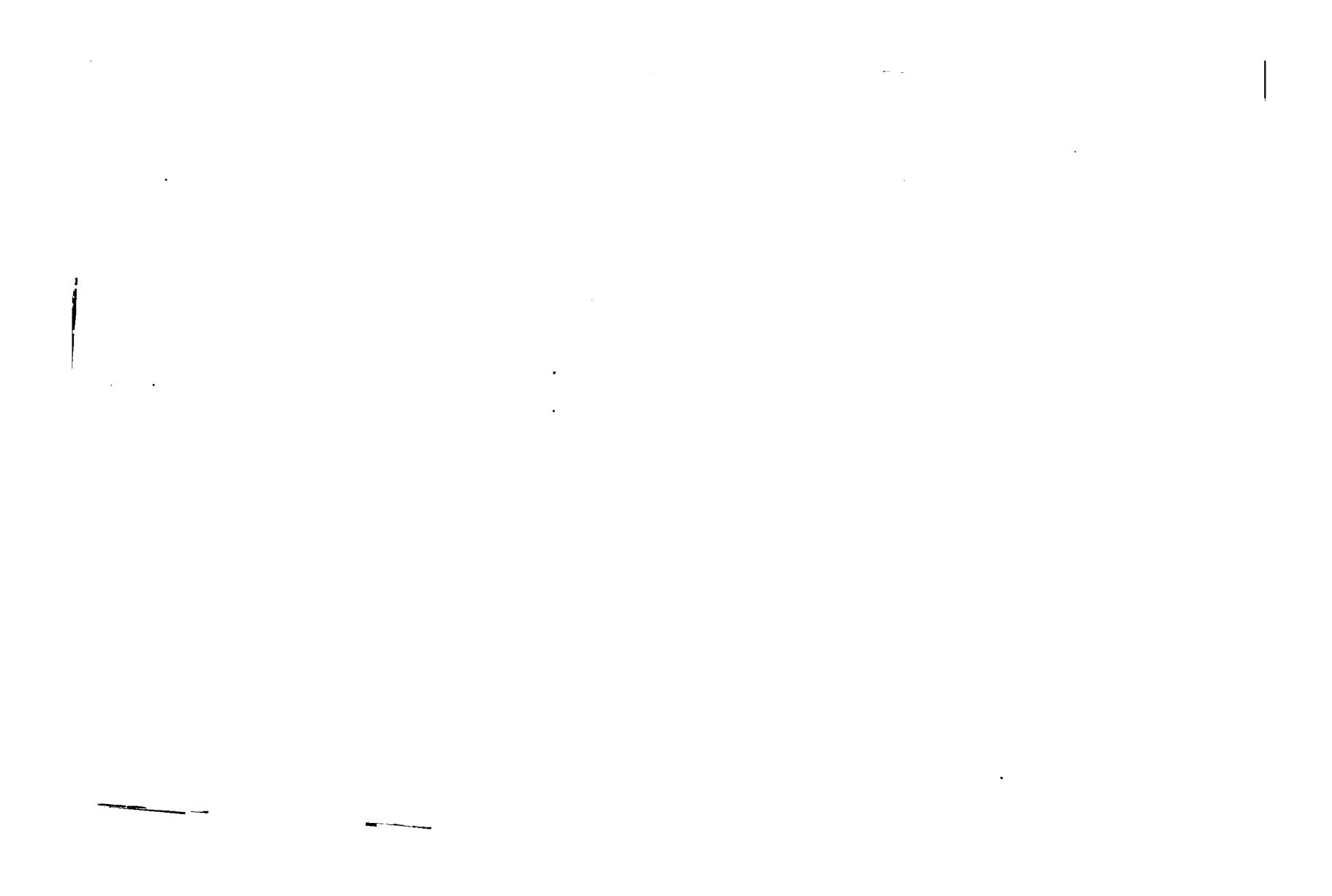
Of "Sev.-come-'leven," and "Little Joe,"  
and "Hit it again" all night;  
Of the piano's bang and the violin's twang  
and the juicy waltz at its height.

\* Hundreds of dogs were so scared by the rifle firing that day  
that they jumped into the Yukon and were drowned.





DANCE HALL IN DAWSON



Of the Coaloil Johnnies swilling champagne,  
of the diamonds the fairies wore;  
Of the moccason'd mushers around the stoves  
and the dogs slinking in at the door.

Of the nuggets we used to fling down on the stage  
at the dancer's twinkling feet;  
Of the burning thirst she always had  
whenever we chanc'd to meet.

Of the roulette wheels and the blackjack games  
and the rattle of ivory chips;  
Of the dance-hall girls at "Nigger" Jim's  
and the pout upon their lips.

Of the moral spasms that hit the town  
and sent her down the lie;  
Of the psalms and prayers we got instead  
of the days of Auld Lang Sync.





OLD MOUNTED POLICE BARRACKS IN DAWSON



Of the high old times we sure did have  
when everything came our way;  
Of Dawson as she used to be  
and the joke she is today.







EARLY FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS KLONDYKE



THE YARN OF THE FARO-BANK DEALER.....1



THE YARN OF  
THE FARO BANK DEALER.

"How is it I'm not dealing tonight?"  
said the old Sport as he lit a cigar.  
"Well, it's because every year this day comes round  
I'm thinking of Belle Lamar—  
Beautiful Belle with the golden hair  
and eyes and lashes of jet,  
Was a dainty little dance-hall girl,  
the nicest I ever met.



"At a masquerade ball many years ago,  
    in a mining camp thriving today,  
She came and raised her domino  
    and sat down at my table to play—  
'I'm leaving for home in the morning,' she said,  
    with eyes and cheeks aflame,  
'And I've just had a hunch I can make a bunch  
    of money at this old game.'

" 'It's farewell to the life, forever with me;  
    farewell to the dance and the wine;  
But hardly farewell to you, old friend,  
    who I'll be thinking of most of the time;  
Yes! I feel a bit sorry to go away,  
    but—the Queen's a case, you say—  
I'll play the wench for all she's worth—  
    please copper that bet on the tray'.

"The hunch was a pippin for two or three turns,  
    then she kept losing stack after stack,  
And when she spoke and said she was broke,  
    I gave her a hundred back;  
But I knew her heart was breaking  
    as she rose to quit the game,  
And it was on the tip of my tongue to tell her  
    she could have it all again.



"When she snatch'd a gun from Ye Wah Lun,  
    who stood a little apart,  
There was a flash and a roar and she sank to the floor,  
    with a bullet through the heart;  
And as the crowd open'd up around her—  
    on the lap of 'Bronco' Moll—  
I saw steal o'er the lovely face  
    the waxy look of a doll.

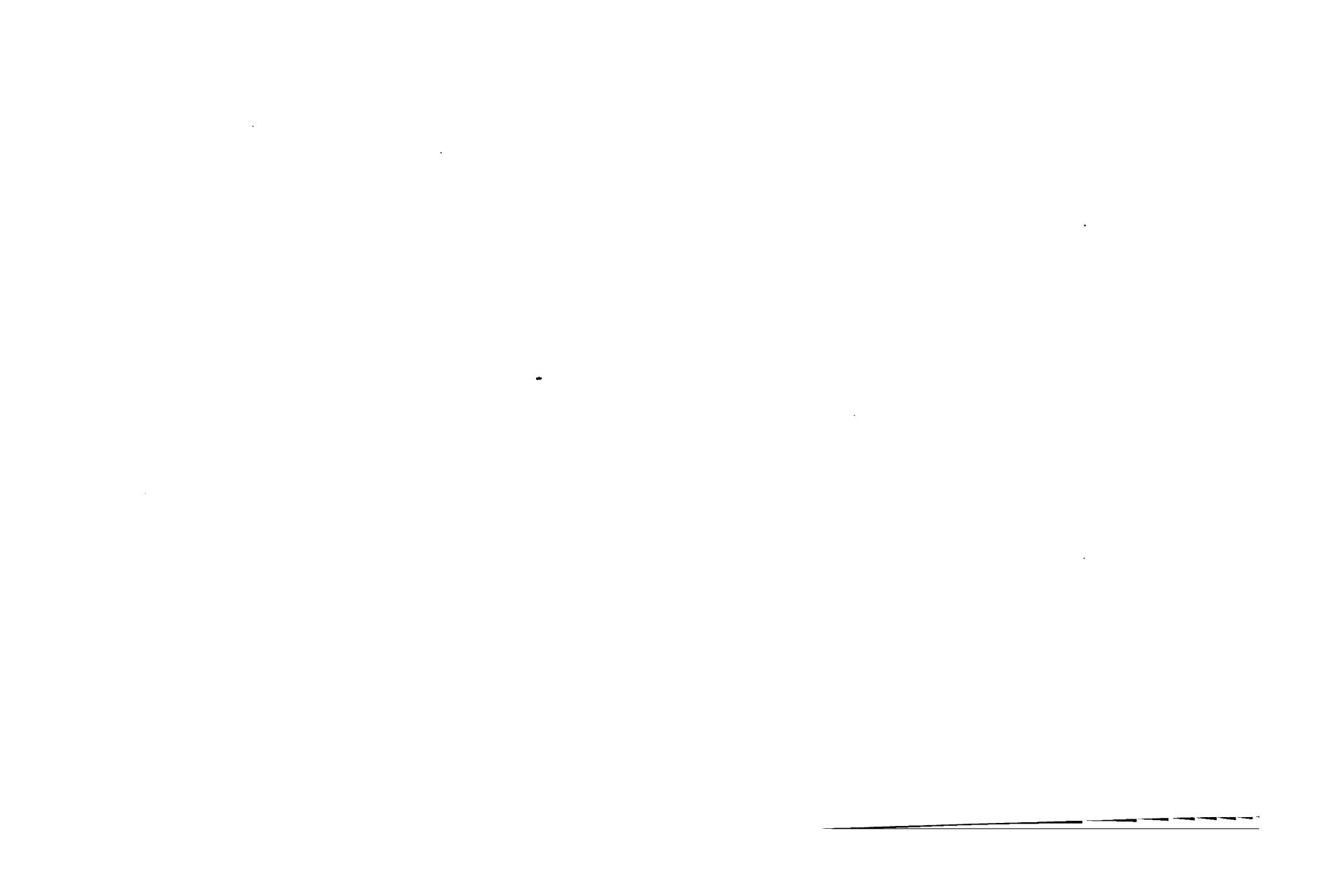
"I handed over her wallet  
    when the girls asked me to 'come through,'  
And the hundred she'd left on the table  
    I handed that over, too—  
In the wallet there was nearly ten thousand,  
    a ring and an ivory comb,  
And in one of the little side pockets  
    the ticket she'd bought for home."



## THE STRANDED SOURDOUGH.



Whenever I'm on the beach at Nome  
My thoughts belong to the time  
When I chased the golden Will-o' the-Wisp  
between Barrow and Cape Sabine—  
How I pann'd and pann'd the ruby sand  
when the tides were high and low,  
And waited in vain for the fickle dame  
to smile on this old Sourdough.



I see the grinding ice again  
    toss high in the bright sunshine,  
And glaciers veil'd in spangled mist  
    play tag in the flashing brine:  
I see the summer slip away  
    when the North wind starts to blow,  
And listen to the seagull's scream  
    goodbye to this old Sourdough.

I tramp'd that beach from dawn till dark  
    in snowstorm, calm and gale,  
Trying to make myself believe  
    I saw a distant sail,  
Not a glimpse, however, did I get  
    and all hopes of going below,  
Died in every wave that broke  
    at the feet of this old Sourdough.

That winter was a hundred years  
    of visions, fogs and fears—  
The droning silence even yet  
    is pulsing in my ears—  
I dubb'd it the Land of Makebelieve,  
    and in the whale-oil's glow,  
Talk'd to my shadow on the wall  
    and thought it an old Sourdough.



I'd sit and watch the Northern Lights  
gambol in the sky  
And oft at times I'd seem to hear  
a murmur or a sigh;  
I'd watch these pictures in the clouds  
drifting to and fro,  
Till they'd fade away in the Milky Way  
from the ken of this old Sourdough.

I'd stare at the painted heavens—  
stare at them nights and days—  
And my faith in *Revelations*  
grew stronger as I gazed,  
And this with the sickening silence,  
the cold and the blinding snow,  
Never fail'd to get the goat  
of this stranded old Sourdough.

But the seagulls and the ruby sand  
and the waves rolling in from the sea,  
On the beach of that shadowy Wonderland  
have no further charms for me;  
They're calling, ever calling,  
but I'll never be tempted to go  
As long as that jigger on the wall  
haunts the dreams of this old Sourdough.





STAMPEDERS





AT THE

# FLORODORA CONCERT HALL

Corner Fourth and Cushman

# Monday, Apr. 23

A GRAND

## BENEFIT

*In Aid of the Sufferers of the  
SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER*

Mr. GEO. KRELL, of the Florodora, will CONTRIBUTE the GROSS RECEIPTS of the day's, and evening's trade to the RELIEF FUND and being raised in the city of Portland for the suffering and stricken in California. All the

EMPLOYEES and MEMBERS  
of the FLORODORA CONCERT HALL

will give their services FREE GRATS during the evening

SONGS, DANCING and MUSIC  
will be interspersed during the intervals of dancing by the Intermezzo  
known girls and members, of the FLORODORA CONCERT COMPANY

MISS FANNIE HALL  
The Original Girl of the Show.

MR. VICTOR DURAND  
The Newcomer. Victim of Disaster.

LOTTE OATLEY  
Music and Singing Queen of the Intermezzo.

BILLY NEWMAN  
The Newcomer. Victim of Disaster.

HAM GREASE JAMES  
And more the stars and other  
The Intermezzo. Known. Dancers of the day. Victims of Disaster.

AND Many others too numerous to mention  
REMEMBER  
be given to the Fund Committee. REMEMBER  
P.O.

COME ON BOYS  
AND HELP A GOOD CAUSE

REMEMBER MONDAY NEXT, APRIL 23<sup>rd</sup>

## THE FLORADORA.

This is the old Floradora,  
where many and many a time,  
Hand in hand with the thirsty beauties  
we've all gone down the line;  
It's the night of the Frisco Earthquake Fund  
that most of us recall,  
And Fancy lands me back again  
on the floor of the old dance hall.







I whirl through many a juicy waltz  
with Margie, Kate and Bess,  
And stake them all to play the wheel  
with a ten-spot—more or less—  
I quench the burning thirst they have  
with cocktails, beer and wine,  
Till they shake me for some other sport  
who goes swiftly down the line.

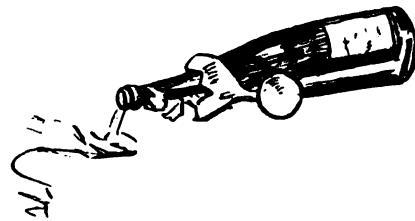
I hear the swish of silken skirts  
and "Ham-Grease" Jimmie's bawl,  
Watch Lottie Oatley's twinkling feet  
and listen to Fannie Hall;  
I see the crowds rush to the bar  
and hoist their fancy drinks,  
While I hit the high spots some myself  
with a bediamon'd little minx.

I slip away at break of day  
mid strains of music clear,  
And bursts of song and laughter  
running riot in my ear,  
I linger just outside the door—  
bewitch'd it seems to me—  
With the lilting strains in the frosty air  
of "Sweet Bessie the Maid of Dundee."



It's hard to forget the old dance hall—  
its wine and women and song—  
Where I monkey'd with roulette and blackjack  
and anything coming along;  
I often think of that festive night  
and the rollicking bunch on the floor,  
When we boosted the Frisco Fund over the top  
some fifteen hundred or more.

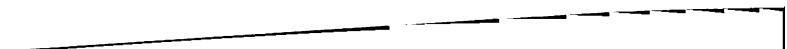
So "Here's to the Floradora  
and the giddy dance-hall days—  
Not forgetting the little fairies  
with their peculiar ways—"  
Upon their pictur'd faces  
memory loves to dwell,  
But as that's all there's to it  
I may as well say farewell







SUN DOGS ON THE KLONDYKE JUST ABOVE MOUTH OF BONANZA



OVER CHILCOOT IN '97----1

OVER CHILCOOT IN '97.

In the month of March in '97  
With sled and a blanket sail,  
I found myself at dawn of day  
On the wind-swept Dyea trail,  
For many a mile I slipp'd along  
O'er ice as slick as glass,  
And the moon was crossing the Summit  
When I got to the foot of the Pass.



I roll'd up in the sail that night  
For blankets were somewhat shy,  
And on the sled soon fell asleep  
Counting stars in the fathomless sky—  
I woke in the gaudy moonlight  
Bewitching the night to day,  
In a fairy land more wondrous  
Than I dreamt about on the sleigh.

Half dead with cold I take a pack  
And warm up very soon  
Climbing Chilcoot in the glamor and glow  
And glare of the cockey'd moon;  
I sit down on the ice-cut steps  
To fix the wobbly load,  
And on a stick pick'd up on the Summit  
Slid back to the sleigh *a la mode*.

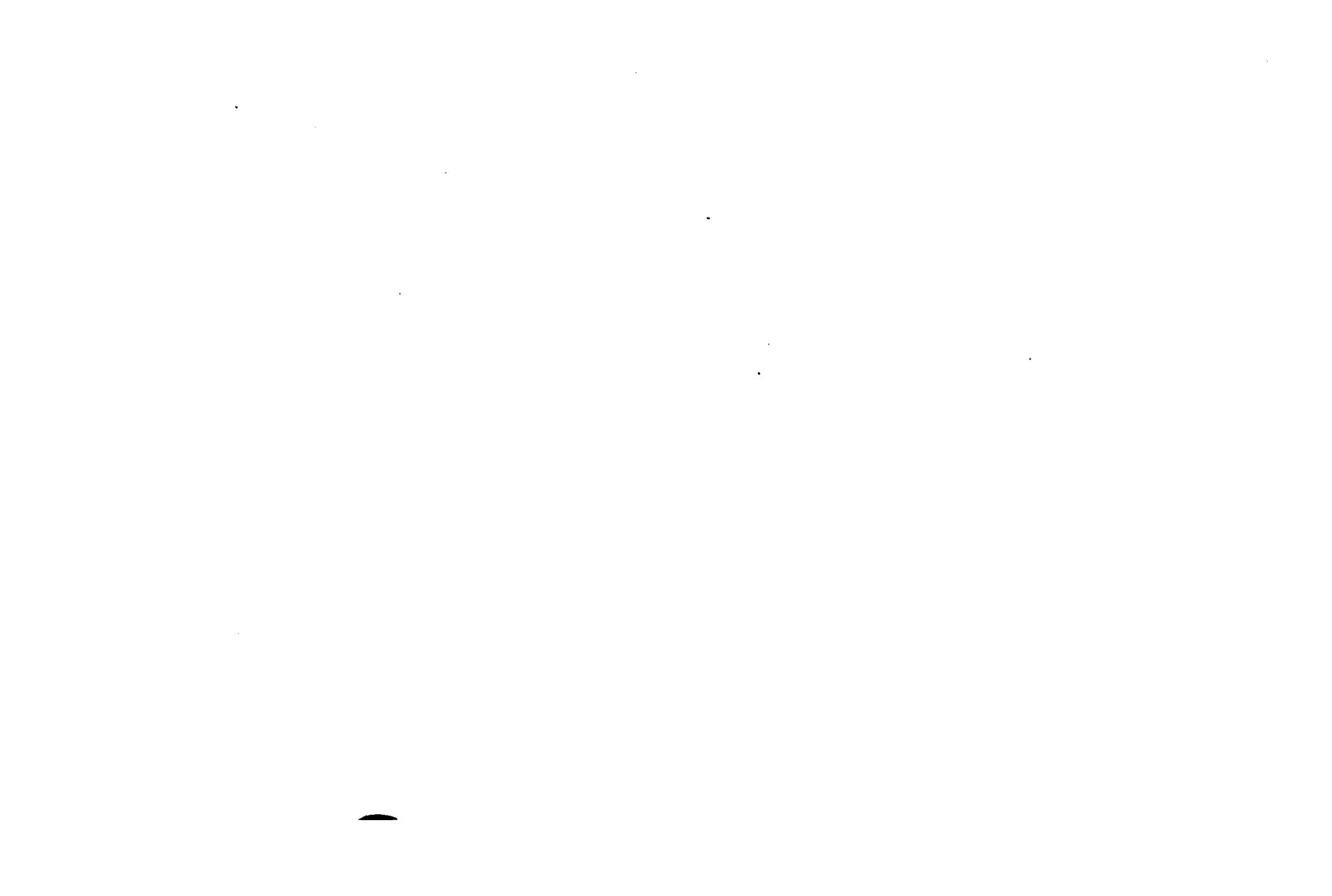
Sundogs blazed on the mountain tops  
And rainbows ribb'd the sky,  
When I lash'd the last pack on the sled  
And waved Chilcoot goodbye,  
But I'd no sooner took the geepole  
Than snow and sleet and hail  
Combined to bid me welcome  
Upon the Dawson trail.



They quit me at the "Cutoff,"  
The one we used to take,  
Where we went a mile a minute  
Through the drifts to Crater Lake;  
Far out upon the lake I glide  
And where I stopp'd I could see,  
Down in the ice a man with a pack  
Who seem'd to be looking at me.

Both pick and shovel had gone astray  
In the drifts I'd just come through,  
So I took the axe and the goldpan  
And, I think, the frying-pan, too,  
And hoping that some passerby  
Might jog along through the day,  
I tipp'd the sled for a windbreak  
And started a hole, anyway.

I chopp'd though I knew I was wasting time—  
Chopp'd till my arms were sore—  
And I chopp'd while the winds from the Summit  
Swept the lake with a rush and a roar;  
I stopp'd when twilight began to fall  
And shadows darken'd the snow—  
Just as puffs from the mountain tops  
Began whispering warnings to go.



I flagg'd the place with a gunnysack  
Lash'd to a spare geepole,  
And it waved in the breeze of heaven  
From a snowdrift near the hole,  
And with fingers puff'd and aching  
And numb with cold and pain,  
I hoisted the old army blanket  
And hit the trail again.

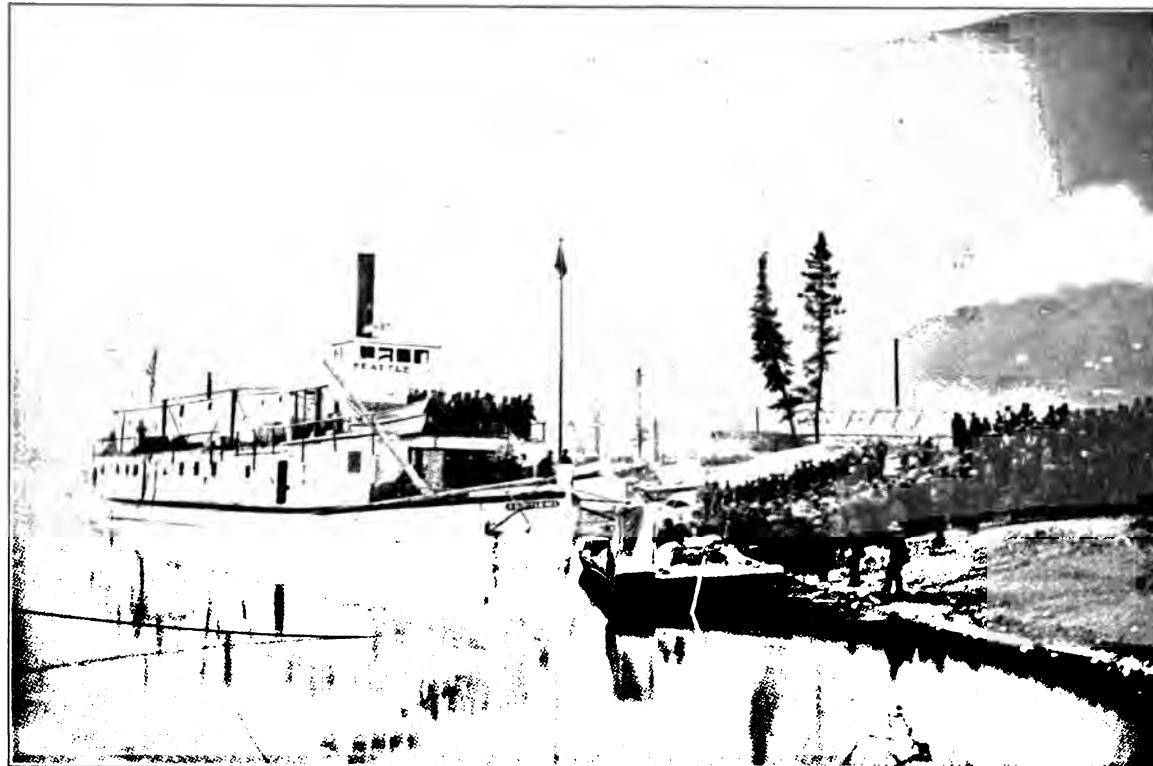
A moment I take to say goodbye  
Ere the snow covers up the dead,  
And a glance I give the gunnysack flag  
That's flopping about overhead,  
I sidle the sled up into the breeze  
And hungry, tired and cold,  
I sprawl across the scanty load  
Headed for the land of gold.

But the wind was fickle and darkness fell  
While zigzagging to and fro,  
So I dump'd the sled when I struck a drift  
And burrow'd into the snow—  
At dawn of day from old Chilcoot  
There came a gentle breeze,  
That fill'd the sail and held all right  
Till I made the stunted trees.



Many things I forget as the years roll on  
Since I took in that wild-goose chase,  
Yet I still have in mind that hole in the ice  
As well as that frozen face—  
They live in memories tinged with regret  
Though they cling to the good old time  
When at forty below I camp'd in the snow  
Siwashing above timber line.





LANDING IN DAWSON AT MIDNIGHT, JUNE 21



## A CLEARY PIONEER.



You talk of the deeds of the old pioneers  
and laud them to the skies,  
But never a word of the woman  
or the grave wherein she lies,  
Who's asleep out here on the hillside,  
where people as they pass,  
Oft catch a glimpse of the little grave  
half hidden in the grass,  
That holds the first white woman  
who trod this golden land,  
Who brighten'd the hopes of many  
by extending the helping hand,  
Who went through all that you did—  
camp'd on the same old trail—  
Mush'd in the lead in the wild stampede  
and laugh'd at the icy gale.



There's a picket-fence around her,  
    but no sign of slab or stone,  
To tell the name of the sleeper  
    or explain why she's alone—  
Alone out here on the hillside  
    in a little fenc'd-off plot,  
Slumbering on in silence,  
    by everyone forgot,  
With none to plant a flower  
    or shed a single tear  
As tribute to the grit and nerve  
    of this Cleary pioneer,  
Who went through all that you did—  
    camp'd on the same old trail—  
Mush'd in the lead in the wild stampede  
    and laugh'd at the icy gale.





## THE OLD TIME PROSPECTOR.

What does the old prospector think  
of Alaska since she's dry?  
Does he prefer ice-cream and lemonade  
to cocktails, beer or rye?  
Does he think the holdup bingle games  
better than those he used to play?  
Or that gambling under cover  
skins the old familiar way.



Does he sigh for the giddy dance-hall days?  
    does he miss the Floradora?  
Would he like to whirl o'er the floor again  
    with Margie, Kate or Cora?  
Would he like the old times back again  
    when everything came his way?  
Or would he rather bum around  
    the way he does today?

What does he think of all the bull  
    that's peddled in his ears,  
About gold enough in the tailings  
    to run the camp for years?  
How does the sidepay strike him?  
    does he rub his eyes and stare  
When he's told the claims are just as rich,  
    in fact richer than they were?

And how about the choochoo  
    and the railroad to the sea?  
Has it got as many charms for him  
    as it has for you and me?  
Perchance he recollects the same  
    once heralded the decay  
Of many a placer-mining camp  
    that flourished in his day.



What does the old prospector think,  
or does he give a rap,  
For the things that's going to happen  
to keep Cleary on the map?  
Does he think he'll get another fling  
if all this comes to pass  
Ere they run him in at Sitka  
and turn him cut to grass?



## THE CACHE

On the Arctic slope of the last frontier,  
close to the rock-fring'd shore,  
Where eternal silence meets at times  
the ocean's drone and roar,  
Nearly hidden in the tundra  
and sheltered from wind and sea,  
Lies the cabin of some old whaler  
fathoms deep in the leaden sea.

With grub the place was well nigh fill'd—  
a cache for the whaling fleet—  
A sort of roadhouse, as it were,  
for one to rest and eat,  
The Stars and Stripes waved in the breeze  
and flapp'd against the pole,  
Beating time to the rhythmic waves  
and the ocean's ceaseless roll.



It had a somewhat ancient smell  
and but a single room,  
With a window in the doorway  
looking out on fog and gloom,  
It was adorned with sailor's gimcracks  
the names I can't recall—  
And a famous beauty's picture  
smiled on you from the wall.

I stay'd throughout the winter  
on this ideal camping ground,  
Cursing the dopy silence  
that always linger'd round,  
Queer shapes appeared in the darkness  
hanging o'er land and sea—  
Spooks from the realm of Davy Jones  
who had it in for me—

And in this home of shadows  
the long months slipp'd away,  
With the Banshees on the tundra  
growing bolder day by day,  
I'd sit at night in the soft moonlight  
and time and time again,  
I'd shoo the little devils  
away from the window pane.



But I long'd for the time when I'd bid adieu  
to the almost endless nights,  
The Banshees and the little men  
and the crazy Northern Lights,  
I could see them from the window  
set the sky aglow,  
And trail their tinted shadows  
miles through the whirling snow.

Tonight the wind's a holy fright—  
the snow piles high in the gale—  
Fantastic streaks of green and gold  
tangle up on the drifted trail;  
The old shack shakes in the icy blast  
and one almost hears the moan  
Of the swelling waves that topple and break  
and hiss o'er the beach in foam.

But the cabin's bright in the lurid light  
and glare of the melting sky,  
Sparks like diamonds flash in air  
as the proud old moon sweeps by;  
Clouds of ever-shifting flame  
dangle o'er the frozen sea,  
And the pictured beauty on the wall  
wakens memories of "She."



I fish for my pipe and tobacco,  
    touch a match to the whale-oil flare,  
And streams of tinted moonlight  
    dance in the crimson glare—  
I lay awake in the shadows  
    that pilot in the dawn,  
Stars hang like lamps in the heavens—  
    but the Northern Lights are gone.







*So Long*















MAI 22 1942

